



Annæ-dicata,  
O R,  
A miscelaine of some  
different cansoners, dedi-  
cated to the memory of my  
deceased, very dear Wife,  
*ANNA TOOKE*  
of Beere.



Jan 1900

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*The willough-weaver.*

**A** Las ! how often by some Rillets side,  
With heavy bosome have I trod the Meads,  
And since they were with grasse and Chrystall beads  
So trimly cluster'd, thus began to chide :  
Yee want nor dew to fledg your verdant quills,  
Nor Western-wind to fanne the Summers heat :  
Shoots not the Soyl from yon superiour hills,  
To make your clovers fragrant, and compleat ?  
With store of soveraign blooms are ye not drest,  
And studded thick ? or does not many a Swan ,  
And the Sweet *Nayades*, that ravish can  
With precious modulations, speak you blest ?  
But then what makes such store of Willough here ?  
Why foster ye this badge of discontent ?  
Me thinks you should some nobler Pendant weare ,  
The Palme, fat Olive, or the Lawrell Gent :  
I say, since happy, and so highly blest,  
Me thinks ye should converse with plants of grace ;  
And like a Lady tricking up her face,  
With Pearles and Rubies be, not pebles drest.  
Fie, fie, dismisse this Livery forlorn ,  
Confine it to some craggy mountain top,  
Or barren Desert, where it may be worn  
With more propriety ; or since my hope  
In Seas of sad dispair is toss'd and torn,

And daily drencht with many a rigid billow,  
Passe it to me; give me your wofull Willough.

*The Redundant Lover.*

**D**ear, since we parted, never did I see  
 A beauteous Summer fly, or fancy pyed,  
 Or garden-bed, or Plume, or Picture, dyed  
 With daintier colours, but I thought on thee.  
 I never heard a more melodious note,  
 Attain'd a delicater touch, or ought  
 Of better worth; but 'twas a present quote  
 Of thy perfection, thou wert in my thought.  
 Nay since familiar to remember things  
 By contraries, by black, white; Saints, by Devils:  
 To this end have I even made use of evils;  
 And to my mind each loathsome object brings  
 Thy purity; dearest my loves intention,  
 Makes every thing that is, to make thy mention.

*The Commune bonum.*

**T**HE Law, like *Esop*, in exterior show  
 Is harsh and homely; but each man inclin'd  
 Laboriously to sift it, till he know  
 With what delight, the inner side is lin'd;  
 Will vouch it pleasing, as was *Esops* mind;  
 'Tis sweet, but does in rugged phrases dwell,  
 'Tis like a Pearl, hid in an Oyster-shell.

*The*





*The Pious Turiles.*

**D**Id Heav'n but gently to my wish reply,  
 Lo thus would we converse my lovely deare;  
 I say thus would we live while being here;  
 And when to part from hence, thus would we dy.  
 Upon some shady, sandy, higher ground,  
 Where the sweet birds should warbling musick give  
 And at whose foot some pittering Rillet wound,  
 Like *Baucis* and *Philemon* would we live.  
 Our clothing should be warm, and new and neat,  
 Not costly nor too curious; and our diet,  
 Though plentiful and good; yet free from riot,  
 Not adding thirst to drink, nor lust to meat.  
 No viperous envie, nor ambitious dreams,  
 No care to pay some griping Landlord Rent,  
 No clamorous wealth, of many ploughs and teames,  
 Should interrupt the calme of our content.  
 Our handy labour should be sole address  
 To the well husbanding of Hops, and Bees:  
 Or to some Orchard, where the fruitfull trees  
 Strove w<sup>ch</sup> should yield the most, and w<sup>ch</sup> the best.  
 Nay born by faith upon her lofty wings,  
 We would beyond this under earth endeavour,  
 Conversing with divine invisible things;  
 So living, loving so, we might live ever;  
 And when death came at length, to play his prize,  
 Depart in peace, closing each others eyes.

*Love*



*Love in good sadnesse.*

**T**Hou youthfull art, and fair; well clad, and fed  
 And flatter'd too no doubt: yet dear be sure,  
 That these inducements make thee not secure;  
 For with thy birth, thy death was also bred.  
 Thy birth infers thy buriall; all the space  
 A mortall does above the ground converse,  
 He does but climbe his execution place;  
 'Tis but a lingring passage to his herse.  
 Observe a skull, our at whole rotten ports  
 The worms hang dovvn, and in an hundred yeare,  
 Such as that is, shalt thou and I appear;  
 Cold, darknesse, silence, must our sole comforts,  
 And the raw worms our richest ear-rings be,  
 Which I entreat remember well, and me.

*The*



*The holy Climax.*

**M**Y lovely dearest, when I but survey  
 The curious building of thy house of clay,  
 The musick of it, and contend the while,  
 Who 'tis that dwells in such a precious pile;  
 I find a soul so nobly there discoursing;  
 Distributing so virtually her powers,  
 That straight it leads me to that Lord of ours;  
 Such strange invisible mysteries inforcing:  
 And I conclude, if on the center base,  
 Such goodnesse such perfection he discloses,  
 How is the circle then adorn'd, the place  
 Where he upon his heavenly throne reposes?  
 Or how is he himselfe both good, and great,  
 That when they were not, gave all these a making?  
 That being, gives them order; nor forsaking  
 His Creatures, keeps both it and them compleat.  
 And then in contemplation of so vast  
 A world of wonders here again I rouse  
 My spirit neere confounded, and in haste,  
 Falling full lowly prostrate, pay my vowes.

*A Cordiall of Vipers.*

**A**S Dice run most by paires, and shun excesse,  
 So fewest friends love best when more love less.  
 The stream of friendship coming once to leak  
 At many Sluces shallow growes and weak.  
 As Dice though white, their fowl spots cannot lack  
 So friends in friends must beare w<sup>th</sup> faults though  
 Sparing to cut, to seare, but in extreame, (black.  
 Even lenatively making moats of beames,  
 They must not hollow-harted fulloms be,  
 Nor base Bar-cater-treyes; but quadratly  
 Run in the game of friendship, be sincere  
 Above the brunt of either hope or feare.  
 As Sice ace throw'n are friends still as before,  
 So friends though rich, must still love friends though  
 This world to no such certainty advances, (poor;  
 But their maycome a cast may change their chances  
 They must conclude their state here like the Dice,  
 Where now the Sice is Ace, now Ace the Sice:  
 And thus the deadliest Drug, and justly hated,  
 May yet turn cordiall, if but calcinated.



*Hony of Hellebore.*

**W**E are at play, and Gamesters till our graves;  
 Our Saints and Sabbaths, are like *Queenes &c*  
 The rest with *Martha*, do but many things : (*Kings*,  
 Only our Wakes, and Markets, play the Knaves.  
 Time is the Pack, our dayes are severall Cards,  
 And Custome a Groom-porter voyd of shame,  
 Does with his carnall moth-eaten regards,  
 Oft over-rule and undivine our game.  
 Custome (full oft I say) more gray then wise,  
 Thus cheats us in our play, my lovely dear :  
 But let us captive be at length, and bear  
 Room of this current, crossing common guise.  
 Let us at length our Sabbath so dispend,  
 That piercing farther then the formall skin  
 Of shifting suits, and Linnen ; we contend  
 They be Religious, glorious eke within.  
 At length our mirth so manage, and employ,  
 That as inferiour flames with swift ascent,  
 Move to their high superior Element :  
 This also may relate to heavenly joy.  
 Let not our ballance, nor our bargains, know  
 Or knave or false five finger ; to divine  
 Of wealth by these attain'd, it melts like snow :  
 Leaving the place all dirt, where it has lyen.

B.

Let

Let us so cribage out so well defeat  
 Crof-cards and idle doelittles, that neither  
 Impeding it we win both game and fet,  
 Atreasure heap'd and thrust and shook together  
 Let us each Card even every common day  
 So gratioously dispose, that all our weeks  
 Embroyder'd be with murnivalls and gleeks.  
 Nay such a treasure from our pious play  
 Resulted be, that Ophir in compare,  
 And proud *Peru*, but toyes and trifles are.



*The*



*The Crosse a culisse.*

**T**He Crosse is both a Step-dame and a Mother,  
Some men it kills, and some again, it cures;  
Like fire it some destroyes, refines some other,  
Full often ill, and well full oft enurs;  
The righteous man that into trouble comes,  
Moulds it into his foyl, gives fairer-fire,  
Makes it his rise, his wing to help him higher;  
Like spice is beaten thus into perfumes.  
And then the ruffling height of weaker souls  
It tempers sweetly, cuts the combe of pride  
That else would soon be perking; only fools  
Will still be so though miserably brayde  
In many a mortar; and at length declin'd  
As sadly small, as dust before the wind.

A 2

A





## A Funerall Farewell.

I Had my tother halfe, and 'twas as white  
 As Miniver, or Snow, before it light  
 Upon the ground; so neat in every part,  
 And then withall chareffing so my heart,  
 That now I neither envie'd *Craſſus* gold  
 Nor *Coffus* garlands; with so manifold  
 Importancies enabling me, that now  
 I had a pair of hearts, my hands but two,  
 Were multiply'd to foure, likewise my feet,  
 Such *Alter-Idems* turning of so knit  
 Committ a fellow-feeling, no diſeaſe,  
 Could either ſingle toe, or finger leiſe,  
 But all were ſufferers. Then could I vant  
 Of likewise doubly five concomitant,  
 As brisk, and active ſenſes; nay my ſoul  
 So doubled was, and in a word, even all  
 My trim at large, that now I could diſcourſe,  
 Urge *pro* and *con*, communicate, converſe,  
 All with my double ſelf; nor knew the fell  
 Extent of ſolitude. Even ſtrange to tell,  
 I now ſo clung an *Individuum* was,  
 So fixt at home, and yet ſo bivious  
 At the ſame time, and far abroad; that now,  
 While ranging vvith my hounds, or vvith my plough  
In



In the circumference; yet was I still  
At home upon my center; could be while  
At \* *Popes*, likewise at *Paris*. To proceed,  
So beneficiall was my being ty'd  
In *Hymens* rosie bands, that now my hope  
Was propagation, and the rearing up  
A Tree of such Descendants; so repleat  
With commendable fruit, as should relate  
My Name beyond mine Urne. Lo this the trance,  
The whilome treasure did so much advance  
And damask my condicion but alas  
So withers worldly growth like Summers grafs,  
That now again my diminution cryes  
For even a thousand payre of weeping eyes,  
To paraphrase it; now my late recruits  
Conspicuous increments, and double suits  
Being depriv'd, alas / I dwindled am  
To poore again and single, to become  
Half under ground; where rest thy selfe in peace  
My dearest tother part; ô rest, and cease  
From all thy terrene labours, with a guard  
Of blessed Angells, keeping watch and ward,  
About thee constantly; and when my pulse  
(So wound up in the womb, by that excelsse  
Celestiall Architect,) the tale has run  
Of minutes here in charge, has fully spun  
Off *Clotho's* Distaffe; be my reliques lay'd  
So neere to thine, that wither'd when, and dry'd,  
From moyst and viscuous; even our crumbling dust,  
May blend promiscuously: till when the just  
Shine as the Firmament, and having turn'd

\* The name  
of my Mansi-  
on house.

Many

Many to righteousness, are as adorn'd,  
 As glorious as the stars ; we rise a-new,  
 (By that omnipotence that can subdue  
 All things unto it self) we newly rise  
 Of old relations, former terrene tyes,  
 So voyd and insciant ; that our all in all  
 Be wholly swallow'd, ravish'd full and whole,  
 With the beatick vision ; retributing  
 Habituell prayes, allelujahs shouring,  
 To that immensely gracious God of Heaven,  
 Who maugre six *Leviathans* and seven,  
 With even a world of thick, and stormy weather,  
 Could freely, safely steare, and bring us thither.





*A Key to the Hedge-hog Combatant; and my Motto  
Militia Mea Multiplex.*

**W**hen I survey (poor wretch) thy severall foes,  
 Me thinks it does pathetically disclose  
 Mine own Militia; for with upon Mart,  
 As man pursues thee, as the \*Fox with Art,  
 Allayes thy martiall fury, falsly licks  
 Thy life a way; and Serpent also seeks  
 It is as implacably: Lo thus conspire  
 Both *Ammon Anelek*, and those of *Tyre*.  
 The World, the Flesh, and (our alas) the great  
 Red Dragon, with his rayl that can defeat  
 The very stars, so these I say concur,  
 To slay my silly soul: were it a war,  
 Though with some such as hungry Lyons wage,  
 And evening Wolves, of all those quivers rage,  
 Like open Sepulchers; there might be yet  
 Some hope, some little plank a shore to set  
 Even after shipwrack, but when thus to grapple  
 With that prodigious fiend whose mortall apple  
 Defeated *Eve* her selfe. To daily cope  
 With many a horrid Squadron many a troope

\*Though he  
 bein his round  
 posture, and  
 with all his  
 Pikes charged;  
 yet (as *Topfall*  
 relates it) The  
 Fox finding  
 som little ac-  
 cesse about his  
 face, licks him  
 there, till with  
 the flatterie  
 he opens him-  
 self, and then  
 he seises him.

OF

Of fierce and fiery darts, that charge me home,  
 And often through ; alas wretch that I am !  
 Where shall I seek for succour ? who can save  
 This roaring rabble off ? ô help, and save,  
 Thou God of Barrails ; else am I but built  
 Upon the sily sand, but water spilt.

*The Leveller.*

**T**He fordid fly that does so basely sing,  
 And on the dunghill feed, with Pyes, & Crows,  
 Will yet soone after banquet with a King,  
 Bib on his cup ; play with the beard, the nose,  
 Of *Cræssus*, as of *Codrûs* ; levelling  
 Princes with Pawnes Mirabolanes with slowes,  
 Alas alas the while , King by thy leave,  
 All worldly pomp is flyblown, poor, and will  
 (deceive -

Alas the neatest foot that ever came  
 In the most supercilious royall shoe ,  
 By the black oxe is often troden lame  
 Nay troden off ; then *Pompey* bid adieu  
 To longer playing in the dangerous flame  
 Of terrenè gaieties, but aiming now  
 The glorious kingdome that will never fade,  
*Tophet* was else for Kings and towring Keyfars  
 (made.  
*The*

*The Borachioes.*

**A**S Willoughs noted so for tipling Trees,  
Are barren, and but badges of disgrace ;  
As Fennes and Marshes, yield but nipping flies,  
But venemous fogges, and reptil's bad, and base :

—Lo thus the boundlesse Independent shot,  
Begets as sundry formes, and oft as vile ;  
As *Phæbus* does, when with embraces hot,  
He beds the moist salacious mud of Nile.

It changes some to Struthions, and as those :  
Forget their egges, their actions so do these ;  
Demanding when they wake, how came the blowes,  
What have we done, they should our weapons seise.

Some men it does to mimick anticks foole ;  
Change some to subtile Foxes that imploy  
Their cups as Crucibles, wherein to boyl,  
And sublimate a skill, to coulsen by.

Some for obstreperous Geese it does designe,  
Fills some with such Salt-Peter, that disputing  
Or but some hair, or Mathematick line,  
They take immediate fire, with bloud confuting.

**C**

Some

Some to such honey-suckles sweet it turns,  
 With often vowes, that about every wight  
 They twine themselves. And some with lust so burns  
 They deem each dirty cloud a *Juno* bright.

Nay, yet again, and further, some it fuddles,  
 To senselesse Conduirs, only fit to pisse,  
 And to be pist against: To monsters, puddles  
 And Statues many, quadrat but for this.

Lo, *Pythagore*; lo here the transmigration,  
 Thou might'st have dreamt of, for with brutish souls  
 It thus imbroyles us: Oaks of most elation,  
 With many blowes fall; Reason so with bowls.

Up then ye base *Borachies*, call excesse,  
 But an insidious *Circe*, but presaging  
 A brutish transformation, even no lesse  
 Then of the soul it self, and thus engaging  
 Her everlasting blisse: up keep a dyot;  
 Does ought kill soul and body both? yes ryot.

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A  
Divine Meditation  
V P O N  
The Decease of those  
Noble LORDS  
under-named.

SO so, let *Babel, Edom*, shoot like those  
In Harvest at our losse; with mocks and Mowes,  
Tell it in *Gath*; thus adding deep, to deep,  
Wormwood to bitternesse; yet God will keep  
His darling from the Dog, can out of stones  
Raife *Abraham* children, he that interpones  
So for his Church, though *Dorset, Hamilton,*  
*Southampton, Oxford, and Belfast*, be gone  
The way of flesh and bloud, will sooner yet  
His covenant with day and night forget,

Then faile to *Sion* ; not the squalidest  
 Sea-monsters, but they gently draw the breast,  
 Suckling their young ; or if a mother can  
 Forget her child, yet God is love in grain ;  
 Will vindicat his Turtle- Dove, nay cover  
 Her wings with Silver, and her feathers over  
 VVith yellow Gold. Nor *Babell* be so perk,  
 At some thus of the temples carved work,  
 For sin deducted us ; we but with rods,  
 Thou shalt be whipt with Scorpions ; and in Gods  
 Right hand there is a cup, the dregs whercof  
 Shall be thy portion ; *Ahabs* Ivory roose,  
 And loe the *Tirian* Turrets, built so high,  
 That Eagles at a lower random fly,  
 Nay even the gyants there in Sentinell,  
 Are lessen'd into \**Gammadims* ; must feel  
 His line of vengeance, who could so divide  
 Out *Succoth*, meete out *Schechem* : and ô ride  
 On prosperously, thou fairer far then men ;  
 Girding thy sword thus, for thy right hand then  
 Shall teach thee terrible things ; shall thresh the horns  
 Of our fierce Bullocks, rabbid Unicorns,  
 Like wheat of *Madmanah*, Ride on, ride on,  
 Strengthening the feeble knees, and every bone,  
 That thou hast broken ; still they shake the head,  
 Cry so so would we have it, eate like bread  
 Thy people up ; and then the late decease  
 Of these heroick Lords, dirured has  
 As many of our Barres, has made our breach  
 More desperate ; ô be gracious then, and reach  
 Thy soveraigne flagons ; let no clouds returne  
 After the rain ; and for stakes-out worne

\* Ezekiel  
 27. 11.

Thus



Thus in the service of thy Tabernacle  
 Distribute thousands; blesse, & blesse the tackle  
 Of thy poor labouring Ark, and crown her toyle  
 VVith *Ararat* and her high places, while  
 Our mighty hunters despicably melt  
 Like fat of Lambs, or be like water spilt,  
 Nor to be gather'd up again; else will  
 Thine enemies blaspheme, upbraiding still  
 The promise of his comming; I and say  
 To day shall *Jove* it as did yesterday,  
 And in far greater measure: bow thy ear  
 Thou good and glorious Cherub-rider, hear  
 And answer us, How long? how long O Lord?  
 O bare thine arme again, & draw thy sword.



*The*





*The farall Progresse.*

**H**ow blessed is the man that well be thinks  
 Him of his progresse here, can nominate it  
 A weary chain of time, his steps the links  
 And make his death the jewell hanging at it ;  
 No step but does him fatally diminish,  
 And brings him a link neerer to his dust  
 Time will that chain of his, that progresse finish,  
 Deducting him by link and link at last  
 To stench and ashes ; if we chance to start  
 Some old old *Tritavus* whose iron strength  
 Tugs it with time, and toughly does support  
 Him *Nestors* age, his progrels yet at length  
 Has such a bottome link as rakes him up.  
 VVe have our bounders, thus farr we may reach,  
 But go no further, here we faint and stop  
 Like the Sea billowes on the level beach,  
 O then be wise be wise, since heaven I say  
 Has magisterially prescrib'd and voted  
 The tale of all our days and howers nay  
 The beatings of our pulses summ'd and tored ;  
 Prepare prepare be wise, refining so  
 The links the paces of thy terrene race  
 As may by chemicall contact know  
 To deaurat each other, and so dresse  
 Up death it selfe, the Pendant that from Cruell,  
 It may become thy deare and pretious jewell

*A brief Epitaph Payed to the Merit of my  
learned kinsman Mr JOHN GRAVES,  
deceased the 7<sup>th</sup> of October 1652.*

**T**He man though truly quadrat yet with all  
(Strange to relate) compleatly sphericall:  
By such a noble heat engag'd  
For skill and parts, as pilgrimag'd  
Him event to *(a)* *Stambols* mighty Port,  
Thence bringing us the Turkish Court;  
And then to great and glorious *Cayer*,  
Exhibiting the *Mummies* there,  
And other wonders; This is he  
Here under sleeping: Should there be  
Som Marble richly wrought and gilt  
In consequence upon him built?  
Tush! keep it rather for some wight  
Of meaper principles, of light

*a Constantinople  
is thus named  
in the Eastern  
Countries.*

Inferior Actings, and that under bids:  
His Monument is made of *(b)* PYRAMIDS.

*b Of these he  
has left us a  
very pun & uall  
description.*



*The Widdows warning*

**B**E wise, and take no churlish Clown;  
Nor blend vvith flocks thy Thistle-down.  
Choose not for out-side, shun each lover  
But golden Ludgate like in cover.

The

The Russian that can sweare and swell,  
 And covenant with death and hell,  
 Prefer not : nor the Fox that preyes  
 In covert and in broken wayes.  
 Choose not for wealth, where other things  
 But passant are ; yet this has wings.  
 Nor any piece of Bombast choose,  
 That with his Place and Title sues ;  
 Taking herein the greater care,  
 Because they now are chapmans ware.  
 Take not an hnsband by report ;  
 Examine first his head, his heart,  
 His Conscience pierce him to the Lees ;  
 Mark how each joynt of his agrees,  
 And jumps with thine ; for if they vary,  
 The Priest that does your bodies marry,  
 But glewes a Postheard. In a word,  
 If thou canst marrow with a Bird  
 Of thine own feather, one whose wars  
 Spirituall be, whose aim is stars ;  
 VVhose neatly timber'd limbs are lin'd,  
 VVith as polite, as rich a mind :  
 This is the VVight, and hast thee *June*  
 To render him his rib againe.



*The Tearless Epitaph of Mrs. Prudence Meredith, a good soul in a defective body.*

**I**N an uneasie room her soul was pent,  
 And had while here, a hard imprisonment  
 Within the body, nor could *Prudence*, but  
 Rejoyce to leave her little crumpled knot  
 Of flesh and bloud, that narrow Goale of hers,  
 For such a relaxation, as inferes  
 Eternall blessednesse as hopes a new  
 Resurgent corps, proportionably true  
 In every lineament, and of privation,  
 Of sorrow, sicknesse, death and mutilation  
 Impassible : I say she could not choose  
 In faith and reason, but avouch her woes  
 Thus at an end, but cheerly leave her breath ;  
 And thus had *Meredith*, a merry death.

D

Of



O F  
PRAYER.

THE most patherick richest language, chosen  
To hang in eares of Emperours and Kings,  
Is but a tinkling Cimbball, does but coulsen.  
The fancy for a while, and then has wings:  
Prayer heaped up, and over does, reply,  
When other words, but drop, and droop, and dy:

All other words retail but Saffron ware,  
Are of an impotent, a clamorus sound;  
But Doe-littles, but petty Chapmen are,  
And Petty-foggers: Whereas Prayer is found;  
The Staple Merchant, prosecuting even  
A Trade in grosse, by whole-sale, and for heaven.

'Tis of such efficac'e, and with such store  
Of sacred *pertinacie* wrastles so,  
Like zealous *Jacob*, that it gives not o're:  
But being blest, without it lets not goe.

Prayer

Prayer faith, faith Christ, Christ heaven to us demi-  
And thus the *Climax* of our joy arises. (ses

Who then will happy live, and blest expire,  
Both soul and body Temple-like imployes  
His Alter is his Heart, his Zeal the Fire;  
His soul the Priest, and Prayer the Sacrifice:  
Nor is it Bullocks having horns and hooves;  
But of the Lips, the heart, that God approves.

Up therefore Reader, let thy spirit feast  
It selfe with often Prayer; submissly fall,  
And like a *Daniel*, thrice a day at least,  
Thus feed thy soul; or rather like a *Paul*,  
Be praying alwayes; 'tis celestiall meat:  
Up therefore Reader, therefore up and eat.







A Second of the Same.

**L**ook as a Beggar by the high-ways side,  
Some little child does in her bosome take,  
Hoping though she her self may be deny'd,  
Yet to get something for the Infants sake;  
And as *Thersites*, when having done  
*Admetus* much displeasure, many harms;  
Sought not for grace, but having first his Son,  
His only Son inoulded in his arms:

So when thou prayest, bring but thy Jesus by thee  
This Babe, this Son; and God will ne're deny thee.



FINIS.





